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Kirby Township Farmers Club

Dr. G. W. Forster, Agricultural Economist of State College, Addresses the Club on Subject "Planning the Farm for Profits"—Schedule of Meetings Announced

The Kirby Farmers Club met at Milwaukee School on Thursday night, December 13.

The speaker of the evening was Dr. G. W. Forster, Agricultural Economist of State College whose subject was Planning the Farm for Profits. This was the second of the series of studies being made by the Club this year in connection with the Master Farmer and Master Homemaker Contests. The first one, on Business Methods and Ability was delivered by Dr. Carl C. Taylor at Severn on November 16.

Dr. Forster said in part, "An extensive study by the Tax commission shows that in 1927 North Carolina farmers, on the average, made no business profits. They did make, however, a fair return on their investment and a fair wage for their own and family labor. These are important facts and are worthy of further consideration. Is it because, as some suggest, all forces are against the farmer? Or, is it because the farmers are not using business methods? Let us look into these questions.

Thereupon Dr. Forster took up in detail the set-up of a 40-acre farm in Kirby Township of which he had been making an intensive study in the past two years and showed this farm was not up to the standard and how, by slight rearrangements, the profits could be increased nearly \$500 a year.

His talk was very practical indeed, dealing not with farm problems at a distance, but with the actual experience of one farmer in Kirby Township. His study of this farm as compared with the standard farm is later to be printed as a pamphlet and distributed.

The Club announced the following schedule of meetings for the balance of this series of studies, doing this with the hope that other meetings that conflict with these dates will be avoided:

7:30 p. m.

Friday, January 11, Pendleton School, subject: The Home Plant.

Friday, February 8, 7:30 p. m. Conway High School, subject: Management in the Home.

Friday, March 8, 7:30 p. m. Severn High School, subject: General Farm Appearance and Upkeep.

Friday, April 12, 7:30 p. m., Milwaukee, subject, Health Record and Living Habits of the Family.

Friday, May 10, 8 p. m., Pendleton School, subject, Home Life.

Friday, June 14, 8 p. m., Conway High School, subject, Recreation, Social Development and Family Relationships.

The Master Farmer contestants are Messrs. Macon Long, Severn; D. H. Barnes and J. T. Woodard, Pendleton; G. C. Martin and J. E. Smith, Milwaukee; W. T. Liles and J. H. Draper, Conway.

The Master Homemaker contestants are Mesdames M. L. Martin, Severn; O. L. Horne and E. D. Stephenson, Pendleton; W. T. Liles and G. B. Draper, Conway; John Woods and L. C.

Davis, Milwaukee.

The Kirby Farmers Club trophy, which is a beautiful silver loving cup that has been passing from hand to hand to different winners the past three years, will be presented to the one of the eight men contestants that scores highest as a Master Farmer on the following score-card:

Operation and organization of farms	460
Business methods and ability	125
General Farm appearance and up-keep	100
Home Life	190
Citizenship	125

Total 1,000

Another cup, a new one that has not been offered before will be presented to the one of the eight women who scores highest as a Master Homemaker on the following score-card:

The home plant	100
Management in the home	250
Health record and living habits of family	200
Recreation, social development and family relationships	250
Community work	200

Total 1,000

Announcement of the speaker for the meeting at Pendleton on January 11 will be made later.

A SPRIG OF HOLLY

By BLANCHE TANNER DILLIN

HOLLY and pine wreaths in the windows Christmas greens and tinsel festoons in the shops—streams of shoppers with smiling faces and arms laden with gayly-wrapped parcels—all expressed the happy Christmas spirit.

A mother with a holly wreath in one hand and clasping the hand of a child with the other stopped as the child cried, "Mother, you dropped a piece of holly!"

"Never mind, my dear, we have plenty more," the mother replied as she hurried the child on. And the holly was crushed by the next one.

Nearby a man whose clothes bespoke luxury and ease picked up the little crushed thing and tried tenderly but in vain to smooth out the crumpled leaves. The childhood home of Carter Smith, now wealthy New York broker, had been surrounded by holly trees, with their waxy green leaves and bright red berries, like so many tiny Christmas lights, as he had liked to call them.

There were always garlands of ground pine through the spacious rooms of the old Southern home and holly wreaths in every window. Great fires of fragrant pine roared in the huge fireplaces, filling the rooms with dancing shadows and flickering lights.

Each Christmas morn one was awakened by a black head thrust into the room with the greeting "Christmas gif' Marse Carter," or who ever might be occupying that room. Then the kinfolk arriving all Christmas day with gifts. Then, too, the dances and parties all week until New Year's, were wonderful. That had been years ago, and the intervening years had been too full of other things to even think of those times. It was with shame that he remembered months had elapsed since he had written to his mother, who still lived in the old home. He must go back there some day—then the thought came, "why not go now?"

He thrust the holly into his pocket, hailed a taxi and sped to his hotel, ordered his servant to pack at once—secured train reservation—canceled a house party engagement and was on the midnight train speeding South. In his heart was a song and tucked safely away in his suitcase was the sprig of holly.

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"Behold, I Bring Good Tidings..."

SO SPAKE the angel of the Lord to the shepherds, guarding their flocks, one night more than nineteen hundred years ago. "Tidings" is an ancient word which means simply "news". Thus it was that the news of the coming of the Prince of Peace was made known that night so long ago and all down through the ages those tidings have been repeated at this time of the year which we call Christmas.

Since those far-off times, the function of bringing tidings or news has developed principally upon an institution which we know as the newspaper. No such institution performs that function more faithfully than the Home Paper in a community such as ours, a community of homes and home-loving people. And in that community none is so humble but that his or her name is written in its columns not once but many times throughout the years.

For it is the Home Paper that welcomes you when you are born, watches you as you grow up and records your youthful triumphs. It tells the community that a new home has been founded when you marry, congratulates you and wishes you well as you and your helpmate start out on a life together. It shares your pride when you become a parent and aids you in molding the minds and characters of those near and dear to you. It rejoices when you rejoice, sympathizes with you in times of sorrow; it is quick to record your good deeds and your successes and slow to spread broadcast word of your shortcomings or failures. And in the sunset of your life, it is a companion and friend, keeping you informed of the doings of those to whose youthful hands you "pass on the torch" when your race is almost run.

So day after day and week after week throughout the year the Home Paper brings you the news of your community. What better messenger, then, than the Home Paper to say to you "Behold, I bring you good tidings" at Christmas time? For its tidings are the same as those of the herald angels on the hills of Galilee—"Peace on earth, good will to men", and to every person in this community the Home Paper brings this message of community peace, community good will, community prosperity and an increased community hope for the coming year.

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CHRISTMAS CEMENT

By ANNA L. NEWSOM

MOLLIE watched the draymen carrying out the massive furniture and draperies from the apartment below her own.

"How can Alph Cox have such expensive things—working in the same office with Bill—and us—?"

The postman handed Mollie a letter. "A check from mother for \$25. Now I will have that French doll for Betty and the \$7.00 train for Harry. Sometimes Bill is downright stingy—and it's Christmas time," said Mollie hurrying to take one more peep at her plum pudding before going to town.

The telephone rang and Mollie heard:

"Oh, didn't you know? He had to leave—spending the firm's money. To Canada, probably—and poor Mrs. Cox. Yes, she says it's all her fault. Oh, running him in debt—and she'd planned such an elaborate Christmas, too."

"More Christmas," asked Bill when Mollie showed him the check?

"No, this goes into the savings. Today I've seen Christmas and other extravagance act as a wedge when it should be a strong cement—binding families together.

"Cox! Yes, too bad."

And when Bill returned from the store that night he mended and painted toys while Mollie dressed dolls. Their Christmas was merry—and it was a cement binding them closer together.

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The Wreath of Holly

The wreath of holly combines both pagan and Christian significance. It is closely allied with the crown of thorns, the red berries probably representing the drops of blood. Less somberly, holly was said to be hateful to witches and was therefore placed on doors and windows to keep them out.

Early Mistletoe



He—And what's the big idea of hanging the mistletoe so early?
She—Some of the guys in this town need practice before Christmas eve.

Patron Saint of Christmas

St. Nicholas, as the patron saint of Christmas, seems to have been adopted by America; Father Christmas is indigenous to Britain. Santa Claus to Germany, and Kriss Kringle to Holland, but they all seem to be variants of the first-named.

Christmas and Color

Few of us realize how much color has to do with our happiness. Why would Christmas be without the brightness of holly, red Christmas bells, and evergreens?

Legend of the Mistletoe

The legend of the mistletoe and its connection with kissing belong to a distant past, and comes from Scandinaavia.

Fir as Christmas Tree

The fir tree as a Christmas tree had its origin in Germany.

Nearby and Yonder....

by T. T. MAXEY

Martha Washington's Rose Garden

THE rose garden which was set out along about 1759 on the country estate of the Father of his Country at Mount Vernon, Va., is said to have been the first formal garden in America.

This picturesque and quaint old garden, maintained today practically as the Washington family left it, with its wealth of bloom and delightful odors—pinks, sweet William, roses, heliotropes, verbenas, dabbias, hydrangeas and chrysanthemums—and its atmosphere of quiet peacefulness constitutes one of the memories of rare charm of Mount Vernon to visitors from far and near.

The maze of flower beds—circular, triangular, oblong and square, are laid out in careful precision and the old-fashioned box hedges which line its walks are smooth-cut on top, their sides trimmed straight and exact. The protecting wall was made of brick which probably were brought from England and held together with oyster-shell cement.

It is said that the four great trees which guard one entrance were planted by Washington with his own hands and that in 1824 the gallant Lafayette planted here, in memory of his friend, a sprig taken from the grave of the great Napoleon at St. Helena.

Features which attract marked attention are the Nellie Custis rose, white as the driven snow, which Washington named in her honor—oft referred to as the lovers' rosebud, where the prince and princess of Rumania, as well as thousands of other less-world-known boys and girls and men and women have come to make their fondest wish—and a sea-shell-pink rose—the Mary Washington—which he named for his devoted mother.

NORTHAMPTON GIRLS EAST CAROLINA TRAINING COLLEGE

The Northampton County girls met soon after the college opened and elected officers for a Northampton club. The following officers were elected:

President, Dorris Woodard.
Vice-President, Josephine Harrell.

Secretary, Mary Lassiter.
Treasurer, Doris Stephenson.

Social Committee
Elizabeth Stephenson, Lena Joyner, Mary Holoman Johnson.

Refreshment Committee
Josie Liverman, Ruby Hughes, Jessie Parker, Helen Griffin.

Reporter
Beulah Lassiter.

Roll
Kate Turner, Evelyn Griffin, Eliza Woodruff, Hazel Futrell, Meeter Harrell, Roselyn Grizzard, Mable Collier, Lillie Spivey, Elsie Lee, Florence Vincent, Ozella Stephenson, Josephine Grant, Lucile Kee, Helen Burnett.

When the photographer came to take pictures for the Annual, the Northampton County Club girls gathered in front of the campus building and had their pictures taken in the form of a "N" for Northampton.

Inn-Keeper of Bethlehem

By HELEN GAITSFORD

IT WAS a brilliant night, and the inn keeper tossed restlessly in his bed. Why couldn't they let him sleep? Now some one was singing—an old hymn, full of "hallelujahs." He thought of his other guests and groaned. He would hear about this disturbance in the morning.

"Rebecca," he said to his wife, "get up and tell those noisy singers that they must hush or leave. Shall I have all my lodgers awakened? And here, close the shutters. I never saw so bright a night."

Quietly she did her husband's bidding. He was just falling asleep when Rebecca returned. Her face shone with excitement. She spoke as she entered the door. "Husband, wake! Come and see! You remember that carpenter and his wife—in the manger? Where the Child was born, you know? Well, people are saying that the Child is a King—that He is to be the Savior of the Jews! Shepherds are here from the hills and princes have come from the Far East—"

"Don't be foolish, Rebecca. A King out in our manger?"

"But, it is true! Angels have sung of Him, and there is a great light shining in heaven. All the talk is of omen and prophecy. Hush! They are singing again."

"You are a fool to believe them. Why, the man is a common carpenter from Nazareth, no better than you or I."

"They say he is just now her husband. And the mother is a cousin of Elizabeth, the wife of the priest Zacharias—"

"He whom the angel struck dumb?"

"The same. And we all know their ages, and how they were blessed with a son."

"And they named the child not Zacharias, but John—"

"Yes, and in that hour the father recovered his voice, and told of a vision. You see? Then is it not possible that this Child in our manger may be, in reality, the Son of God?"

"No, no. They are carried away by their dreams."

"But you believed when you heard of Zacharias."

"Those whom I know have brought me news from the hill country. I must believe what they have seen. But no such thing would happen here—in our very courtyard! It is too ridiculous. You are a dreamer, like the rest. Come, get to bed. Tomorrow we must work again."

"If you see them you will believe."

"Believe such things would happen here?"

"But there are omens—"

"Oh, come to bed. I don't care about the Child. Do you?"

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